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Prologue

Moon Clan (during the prologue only)

Leader:

Lavastar -a vibrant ginger tom with long thick fur and golden eyes

Apprentice: Snakepaw - a black furred tom with piercing green eyes

Deputy:

Fuzzypelt - a long-haired, black tortoiseshell tom with blue eyes

Medicine cat:

Creamfur - a small, short-haired, pale, pinkish-white tom with grey eyes

Medicine cat apprentice: Tiger - a large, long thick furred brown and black tabby tom with a white underbelly and amber eyes(the fluffiest cat you've ever seen)

Warriors:

Blackfire - a short-haired black tom with bright golden eyes and ginger paws.

Frozenglare - A thick furred white tom with pale blue eyes(deaf)

Skunkpounce - a black and white tom with green eyes

apprentice: Rufflepaw - a long-haired, white tortoiseshell tom with brown eyes

Mintglare - a black furred she-cat with pale green eyes

apprentice: Silverpaw - Short-haired light grey tom with slightly darker stripes and bright, electric blue eyes

Dustpatch - a brown and white patched tom with brown eyes

Logbelly - short-haired dark brown tom with a tan underbelly and hazel eyes

apprentice: Tigerpaw - short-haired white she-cat with black stripes all over her body and grass green eyes

Skyflower - Short-haired light grey she-cat with feint grey stripes along her back and pale ice blue eyes

Bluewolf - long-haired grayish blue tom with a white underbelly and paws and misty blue eyes

apprentice: Featherpaw -short-haired light grey she-cat with dark grey stripes along back and light, sky blue eyes

Stormeye - dark gray tabby tom with dark blue eyes

Queens:

Mousepelt - brown she-cat with brown eyes (mother of Lavastar's kits): Sandykit (long-haired ginger tom with a white underbelly and sun yellow eyes) and Darkkit (Long-haired ginger tom with a black tail tip and amber eyes)

Frostfeather - a thick furred white she-cat with green eyes (Mother

of Frozenglare's kits) : Snowkit (white she-cat with blue eyes), Icekit (long haired white she-cat with blue eyes), Blizzardkit (short-haired white tom with bright, sky blue eyes and is deaf in his right ear)

Elders:

Brightsoul - white and ginger she-cat with cloudy green eyes (mother of Rufflepaw and mate to Fuzzypelt)

Sweetfern - warm gray she-cat with green eyes

Foxrun - Calico tom, pelt resembles that of a fox

Rustpelt - reddish brown tom with long fur

Clearsight - light gray tabby tom with blue eyes

Prologue

The sun rested high in the sky surrounded by large, slow-moving puffy white clouds, illuminating the forest below and causing the cool shadows of the leaves from the oak trees to dance and swim across the ground like the light reflections in a lake. A light breeze brushed cream and brown tabby fur around as the pair and their two apprentice escorts weaved through Moon Clan territory. Thanks to the tall, full trees, the harsh sun barely touched them as they weaved around stumps and through the undergrowth. A faint skittering of prey could be heard moving around them, tempting the young warrior apprentices whose eyes darted and muzzles moved to breathe in the scents. Neither of them broke from the group though, they knew their job and took it seriously despite the watering in their mouths.

The oldest of the group, a short-haired cream-colored tom was speaking calmly but confidently to the smaller thick furred brown tabby beside him about various herbs for treating injuries. Neither of them was looking forward but they had walked this path many times over. This was their territory, no other cats knew it better. The tabby had his full attention on his mentor, ears pricked in the older tom's direction and eyes never losing focus as he nodded, taking in all of the information. The two padded so close together

that their pelts were touching.

A pair of playful snickers halted the group in their tracks. The two in front turned to face the culprits who were stifling purrs of amusement. "Care to share what is so amusing back there?" The older tom inquired, tail tip flicking. The tabby tom beside him tilted his head, questioning his fellow apprentices. All three were the same age. One of two, a long-haired white calico tom opened his mouth to speak but closed it a heartbeat later and decided to stare at his paws instead. A small smile could still be seen on his face, causing the older of the four to look at the black tom with suspicion.

"Rufflepaw was saying that you two were walking so close together, he was trying to decide how many more paw steps until you tripped." the black apprentice spoke honestly, his piercing green eyes serious.

"Snakepaw! You didn't need to be so straightforward!" Rufflepaw snapped in a hushed voice.

"I was trying to remember everything! There's a lot of herbs, you know?!" Tiger fumed at his friends.

"I'm sorry." Snakepaw meowed.

"Sorry," Rufflepaw muttered.

"Don't make fun of us anymore! This is why Lavastar recommended we brought warriors instead." Tiger huffed.

"Calm down, Tiger. Thank you Snakepaw for being honest. Rufflepaw, you'd do best to learn from him. I wanted apprentices to come so they can learn the value of a clan medicine cat." Creamfur told them, his voice even.

The three toms stared at him with a mix of awe and guilt. Rufflepaw was shifting his paws in the dirt, his guilt clearer than his amber eyes. "Let's go, we're almost to the catmint patch." He told the three of them as he turned and started walking again. They each followed, Tiger beside him with Snakepaw and Rufflepaw close

behind. It was still the middle of summer, leaf-bare was far away but Creamfur always felt the need to make sure the plant was still growing strong so it was ready when the coldness would take over.

When they reached the patch of catmint, Creamfur quizzed Tiger on what it was used for. "Catmint helps cure Whitecough and Greencough," Tiger told him, smiling widely when his mentor gave him an approving nod. The two gathered the needed amount before heading back towards Moon Clan camp. On the way back, Snakepaw and Rufflepaw had taken up racing around and practicing battle moves on one another. Creamfur paid them no mind but caught the curious but worried look in his apprentice's eyes. Tiger watched his friends, almost studying them. Creamfur looked down to see his apprentice flexing his claws and he wondered if Tiger regretted choosing the life of a medicine cat.

The brown tabby had been born a kittypet but was abandoned as a kit near the clan's territory. A couple of Moon Clan warriors, Skunkpounce and Fuzzypelt had found him wandering. He had been starving and was dehydrated. They brought him back to camp where Creamfur has insisted he help the kit, not evening allowing Lavastar to have a say in the matter. Their leader thankfully was all for helping a sick kit and even offered Tiger a place in the clan when he was healed. There was a handful in the clan that disagreed with their leader at the time but now, most of them have accepted the small tom. Creamfur would have refused to allow them to banish Tiger anyway, he cared too much for the young cat. He remembered the spark of joy he felt when Tiger had asked if he could train to become a medicine cat.

Creamfur had worried for a while on who would become his apprentice, Star Clan had not sent a sign nor had any of the kits shown an interest. Star Clan has not accepted Tiger despite the tom being his unofficial apprentice for the past three moons. Both of them were determined though, to prove to the warrior ancestors that despite his heritage, Tiger would make a worthy medicine cat to Moon Clan.

Creamfur snaps back when he hears Tiger yelp. At his feet were the herbs, still wrapped in their bundle. A couple of fox lengths away, Rufflepaw had Tiger pinned to the ground. Creamfur was about to

let out a warning hiss when Snakepaw piped up beside them. "Kick his stomach with your back feet to knock him off!" The green-eyed tom instructed. Tiger nodded before shuffling his hind feet under Rufflepaw and pushing up. Rufflepaw fell back, easily and without a fight into the undergrowth. All three stood up, Tiger and Rufflepaw panting while Snakepaw bumps his head against his friend's brown shoulder. "That was good for the first time." He smiled. Tiger smiled brightly in between heavy breathes.

"That's way harder than it looks! I didn't know how heavy another cat was." He breathed.

"Nah, Rufflepaw's just had too much squirrel lately." Snakepaw teased.

"I'm a growing tom. Wait until I'm bigger than you!" Rufflepaw cuffed his friend's ear.

Quickly, the two were wrestling again like a couple of kits. Tiger laughed and crouched down as if to join but stopped when he noticed Creamfur watching him. As he walked back to his mentor, Snakepaw and Rufflepaw also stopped and quickly joined him, fur dirty and sticking in every direction. Creamfur held back an amused purr. His apprentice picked his herbs up again but he stopped when a cream-colored tail touched his shoulder. They both set their herbs down. "You didn't have to choose the life of a medicine cat. You can still become a warrior." He says quietly. Tiger's yellow eyes flash with fear.

"That's not what I want! I-... I just thought that maybe I should learn to fight so I can defend myself." Tiger explains.

"You never wanted to fight before. Where's this coming from?" Creamfur asked, resisting the urge to blame the other apprentices.

"Well, Star Clan won't accept me so I'll probably have to become a warrior."

"One day, Star Clan will see that you are worthy of becoming Moon Clan's medicine cat. You've made more than half the clan accept you in just three moons. Moon Clan is your home and will always

be here for you. There is no need for you to know how to fight." He explained to the tom. Tiger looked unconvinced as he smiled shyly. Next to him, Snakepaw and Rufflepaw brush their pelts against his. *One day, you'll see that your home has always been here.* The group stood up and collected the herbs before continuing back to camp.

When the barrier, a wall of bushes and bramble, was in sight, the two warrior apprentices took off. They raced and disappeared through the small tunnel in a blur of black and calico fur. Creamfur wondered if the two would mature before they received their warrior names. Tiger and Creamfur make it to the barrier and he lets his apprentice through first, his fluffy pelt catching easily on the brambles. He stifled a laugh when he heard the brown tom let out an annoyed huff. Every time they went through the barrier, Creamfur had to help Tiger fish brambles from his fur, eventually, the barrier is going to have a soft layer of brown tabby fur growing on it.

The camp was mostly empty, except for Snakepaw and Rufflepaw who were talking to their mentors, Lavastar and Skunkpounce. The kits were out, Sandykit and Darkkit were wrestling in a sunny patch while their mother watched. Mousepelt glanced at them as she cleaned her paws. Frostfeather's kits, Snowkit, Icekit, and Blizzardkit were chasing a moss ball across the camp. The elders, Brightsoul, Sweetfern, Foxrun, Rustpelt, and Clearsight were resting in another sunny patch by the elders' den while Featherpaw searched them for ticks.

Creamfur and Tiger head into the medicine cats den which was a small cave made with large boulders that had fallen into place many seasons ago before cats called the lake home. Tiger ahead to start sorting the herbs while his mentor watched. Halfway through the bundles, Tiger stopped and for a heartbeat didn't move before looking back at his teacher. His eyes held the same concern from before and Creamfur knew that the conversation from earlier was no longer over.

"Why are you so against fighting?" He didn't expect that. He expected Tiger to still be worried about his place in the clan. He knows why he hates fighting. He knows why the thought of barring his teeth or unsheathing his claws makes him want to throw up. He

doesn't know if he can tell Tiger why. *Those were such bad times.* He thinks as he stares back at his apprentice. There's no judgment, only concern...and fear.

"You don't have to tell me, I'm sorry." Tiger starts.

"No...Have you heard any cat talk about the Dark seasons?" He asks, hesitantly.

Tiger tilts his head to the side out of the confusion. Creamfur sighs and shifts closer to his apprentice. "When I was a kit, the clans went through times of war. Every clan was fighting. Skystar tried to keep Moon Clan out of it but Lake clan's leader, Silentstar brought us into it. Every clan lost so many cats." He started but stopped as the faces of his fallen clanmates flashed in his mind. He remembered them all.

Author's Note:

So the clan update at the top of this prologue is Moon Clan during the prologue. I didn't know if you all wanted that or not but I figured it would help me figure out who dies during the rest of the story because a lot of these characters are not in New Era which is the story after this one.

Snakepaw is the son of Mintglare and Robinstar from Robinstar's courage.

Frostfeather and Frozenglare are not related, they just both white cats that fell in love and have beautiful white kits. My winter family. :)

I hope you all enjoy.

Feel free to comment and tell me what you think!

Moon Clan

Leader: Skystar- light gray tom with faint dark stripes going up his legs and around his face

Deputy: Lunardream- black she-cat with one violet eye and one yellow eye
apprentice: Badgerpaw

Medicine cat: Lizardtongue- tan she-cat with dark green eyes and slit in her tongue like a snakes
medicine cat apprentice: Firepaw- calico tom with bright orange eyes.

Warriors:

Rosethorn- black she-cat with a bright pink nose, white paws, and green eyes

Shadowgleam- black, long-haired tom with misty green eyes

Clearsight- light gray tabby tom with blue eyes
Stormeye- dark gray tabby tom with dark blue eyes
Apprentice: Frozenpaw

Sunwater- sun yellow tabby tom with light blue eyes
Apprentice: Blackpaw
Foxrun- Calico tom, pelt resembles that of a fox
Rustpelt- reddish-brown tom with long fur
Spiderfur- black tom with long legs
apprentice: Skunkpaw
Bearfeet- brown tom with brown eyes
Volebite- tan tom with green eyes
Graywolf-long haired gray tom with a white underbelly and blue eyes
Cloudtail- white she-cat with a fluffy tail
Apprentice: Mintpaw
Thorntwist- brown tabby tom with long, sharp front claws
Apprentice: Frostpaw
Roseheart- tan she-cat with cream-colored paws and underbelly
Brightsoul- white and ginger she-cat with cloudy green eyes
Branchstripe- brown tabby tom with a short tail

Queens:

Flarestorm(mother of Sunwater's kits)- Lavakit(bright red and orange tabby tom with orange eyes) and Fuzzykit (fluffy calico tom with yellow eyes)
Pinkfoot(mother of Volebite's kits)- Dirtkit(brown tom), Dustkit (brown and white tom), Creamkit(cream-colored tom with pink tint)
Misteyes(mother of Graywolf's kits)- Skykit(silver tabby she-cat with blue eyes) and Bluekit (long-haired gray tom with blue eyes)
Sweetfern(mother of Bearfeet's kit)- Mousekit(brown tabby she-cat with a white underbelly and greenish-yellow eyes
Fernpelt(mother of Branchstripe's kit)- Logkit(brown tabby tom with yellow eyes

Elders:
Hayfur- yellow tom with orange eyes
Banditfang- black tom with a white patch around his yellow eyes
Runningcloud- pale gray tom(was once a loner who lost his back right leg after being hit by a two-leg monster)

Mates:

Flarestorm and Sunwater

Pinkfoot and Volebite

Misteyes and Graywolf

Sweetfern and Bearfeet

Fernpelt and Branchstripe

Rosethorn and Shadowgleam - Parents to Mintpaw, Blackpaw, Skunkpaw, and Badgerpaw

Lunardream and Clearsight

Runningcloud and Swanfall (Died from greencough four moons ago) - Parents of Frostpaw

*Firepaw's and Frozenpaw's parents died from Greencough when Swanfall did. His mother's name was Maplefrost and his father was Tumblestone

Other Clan Leaders

Mountain Clan: Rockstar

Forest Clan: Skystar

Field Clan: Graystar

Tree Clan: Brightstar - Robinstar

Lake Clan: Silentstar

Hill Clan: Grassstar

Other Clan Medicine cats and apprentices

Mountain Clan: Blizzardstorm

Forest Clan: Hollyshadow

Apprentice-Dreampaw

Field Clan: Ticktongue

Apprentice-Featherpaw

Tree Clan: Smallears

Apprentice -Pathpaw

Lake Clan: Waterlily, Blackfur

Hill Clan: Yellowspring

Apprentice -Brookpaw

Author's note

If you haven't noticed from my other stories, I like weird warrior names like Ticktongue, Yellowspring, Lunardream. There are others but I love to be creative and have fun with my warrior names, some of them are normal though. from the series by Erin Hunter, I always loved the fun names like Squirrelflight, Heavystep, Bouncefire, Daisytoe, Sneezecloud, Loudbelly, etc. Their names aren't the coolest but they are fun and creative. I've heard a lot of people hate some of those canon names but I love them. I rather have names like these that everyone thinks are stupid than another fricken Tigerstar.

Don't come @ me with Fuzzykit, it's fricken adorable.

Also, I'm pretty sure cats can't have purple eyes in real life but this isn't real life so some gonna have purple eyes.

Chapter 1

Creamkit let out a happy sigh as he curled deeper into his mother's soft cream belly. He, Pinkfoot and Sweetfern were sunning themselves out of the nursery. Pinkfoot was his mother. She was a small, short-haired cream colored she-cat with darker reddish paws that looked like a dark pink. Her eyes were amber. Sweetfern was a sandy brown tabby she-cat with vibrant green eyes. Creamkit's brown eyes shot open as he heard the rumbling of tiny paws and giggles of his brothers. Dirtkit and Dustkit's brown pelts rushed past him followed by the calico pelt of Fuzzykit and the flaming orange and red fur of Lavakit.

Fuzzykit and Lavakit were his kin, their mother, Flarestorm is his mother's sister. He watched, bored as Lavakit pinned Dirtkit to the ground. Fuzzykit and Dustkit were laughing as they rolled around, not really trying to pin the other down. He startled when he felt Pinkfoot nudge him a little with her nose. "Why don't you go play with your brothers?" She asks in a quiet voice, barely audible if he was not right next to her. He loved that voice, so full of warmth and peace. It was gentle, everything about his mother was gentle. Unlike his brothers, Dirtkit ran amuck with every paw step. He didn't like to fight even if it was playful. He wondered how his mother was ever able to be a warrior. Like him, she didn't appear to be the fighting type either.

"I rather stay with you." He tells her, burying his face into her belly fur. He heard her sigh in disappointment but dropped the subject. He also liked that about her. She was patient and didn't nag. He felt bad for disappointing her but he was too stubborn like his father to conform to what every cat expected him to be. His father was a warrior, Volebite. He was a complete opposite of Pinkfoot in every way and Creamkit often found himself wondering what the two ever saw in one another. Volebite was a proud warrior with a short temper and was quick to use his claws. He scared Creamkit and Dustkit but Dirtkit was desperate for their father's attention. A feeling, Creamkit was glad he never had.

A firm body slams into him, throwing Creamkit away from his mother's side. He landed on his back, Dirtkit on top of him. Fierce brown eyes met panicked ones. The same yet so different. "Get off me!" Creamkit whined at his brother but it fell on deaf ears. Dirtkit smirked mischievously before pulling Creamkit into a roll. He let out a cry as he was pinned again, this time harder. "Leave me alone!" He squeezes his eyes shut as dirt flies into his face.

"Get off of him!" He heard Fuzzykit yell out. The weight came off of his chest and Creamkit opened his eyes to see his kin standing above him. His golden eyes serious as he watched Dirtkit get to his paws. Dirtkit shook his pelt, flinging dirt around. Creamkit flinched as he sat up. "Didn't you hear Creamkit telling you to stop!?" Fuzzykit demanded. Lavakit came up to stand by his brother's side while Dustkit watched, worry spread across his face.

"Creamkit's such a wimp. Some warrior he'll be." Dirtkit scoffed.

"Warriors don't attack clan mates." Lavakit told him. Dirtkit rolls his eyes and shrugs. He stomps off, lashing his tail. Dustkit follows, ears flat with uneasiness. Dustkit always followed Dirtkit around, loyal to a fault. It wasn't as if Dirtkit was kind to anyone. Creamkit looked to his mother who was staring after her son, looking unsettled. "You've got to learn to ignore him." Lavakit instructed him, his orange eyes burning. *Not like it's easy to ignore your brother.* He felt like saying but just nodded.

"Let's go see if Mousekit and Logkit wanna play. Are you coming, Creamkit?" Fuzzykit asks him, looking over to the apprentices' den where Mousekit and Logkit were practicing battle moves with Skunkpaw. Mousekit was the daughter of Sweetfern who had gotten up and moved closer to the nursery. Creamkit shook his head and watched them leave. He turned to face his mother who was now back to resting on her side. She looked from him to Lavakit. Creamkit knew that she wanted him to join them but he didn't want to. Neither of them spoke as he curled up at her stomach again. She wrapped her dark tipped tail around him regardless of her feelings.

Mousekit and Logkit were five moons old, meaning they would become apprentices soon while the rest of them were four moons. Unlike his brothers, Creamkit wasn't looking forward to his

apprenticeship. He didn't like fighting or the idea of hunting. He knew it had to be done and that so many of his clanmates enjoyed it but he couldn't understand the joy they found in it.

"I wish Mousekit was still that lovable." Sweetfern sighed.

"It's nice to have at least one of them that still needs me." Pinkfoot agreed quietly. Pinkfoot closed his eyes and took in the warmth of the sun and the sounds of leaves swaying in the wind. He soon fell into a light slumber only waking when he felt his mother nudge him. "The evening hunting patrol is back with fresh-kill." She whispered to him as he yawned, still drowsy.

Creamkit looked around until he spotted the patrol making their way across the camp. A bulky brown tom with matching brown eyes came over to them, a red squirrel dangling from his mouth. This was Bearfeet, Sweetfern's mate and Mousekit's father. He set the prey down at his mate's paws and rubbed his face against hers. He settles down next to her. "Should we call Mousekit over?" His voice was deep. Creamkit had never seen a bear and hoped he would never but he pictured the creature to be a larger version of this warrior. Bearfeet wasn't mean though. He was just quiet. Sweetfern called over to their kit who shot her head up instantly. The she-cat had Skunkpaw pinned to the ground. Sweetfern gestured to the prey and Mousekit ran over to them, no questions asked. She greeted her parents by softly head butting them.

"Did you catch this?" She asked her father as she settled down across from them. Bearfeet nodded and they started to eat. They looked so happy. Creamkit startled when he felt Pinkfoot rise to her feet. She took a step towards the fresh-kill pile.

"Why doesn't Volebite bring you prey?" He asked her. She stopped and looked down at him. She was smiling but her eyes were sad. She told him that it was fine and continued to head over. Creamkit scampered after her. He couldn't understand why Pinkfoot was mates with a cat that made her sad. The said cat was sitting a few tail lengths away from the pile along with the rest of his patrol. On either side, sat the warriors Thorntwist and Foxrun. Thorntwist was a brown tabby tom with long, sharp front claws and amber eyes. Meanwhile, Foxrun was a calico tom with markings along his pelt

that resembled that of a fox. The three warriors were chatting and scarfing down some prey.

While Pinkfoot grabbed a piece of prey, Creamkit glared at his father. The tom acted like his mate and kits didn't exist. He never visited, even when they were born. He had heard Sweetfern talking about it to another queen. Pinkfoot suffered on her own with only the medicine cat to help her as she gave birth. He didn't deserve their mother's attention.

Suddenly, the tan tom looked up with his fierce green eyes. He stares at Creamkit for a heartbeat before quickly flashing his teeth. Fear filled Creamkit, he scattered back and turned around to run away. As he fled, he could hear Thorntwist and Foxrun laugh. His fear turned into hot embarrassment as he flattened his ears and accidently ran into Bearfeet and landed on his hind quarters. He didn't think that his father would hurt him as it was against the warrior code but also he knew nothing but ferocity from the tom to not think he had it in him to hurt a kit.

"That tom is too cruel!" Sweetfern hissed.

"Volebite is just rough around the edges. He's a good warrior." Bearfeet told her, standing up to stretch.

"That's no excuse for scaring a kit like that." His mate mumbled.

"Try not to take anything Volebite says or does to heart, Creamkit." Bearfeet told him before the warrior walked off to get rid of the squirrel bones. He just nodded and stood up. He looked over and saw Pinkfoot eating a mouse, she had a second one next to her. *She had to have seen that. Why isn't she saying anything?* He didn't want to get angry at his mother, she already went through enough with a non-existent mate and Dirtkit who gave her trouble over the simplest of things. He reluctantly stepped over to her. She said nothing but pushed the mouse over to him. Her eyes were distant but she kept eating. Creamkit settled down and dug into the mouse. A few moments later, his brothers joined him. Dirtkit practically pushed him out of the way. It was fine, he had lost his appetite after a few bites and too much over thinking.

After they were done eating, the evening patrol returned which included Flarestorm and Sunwater, Lavakit and Fuzzykit's parents. Two other warriors, Brightsoul and Graywolf were also with them. Those two head to the fresh-kill pile instantly while Flarestorm and Sunwater are bombarded by their kits. Sunwater was a sun yellow tabby tom with light blue eyes while Flarestorm was a bright orange she-cat with pale paws and brown eyes like Pinkfoot. Sunwater dramatically fell on his back as Lavakit pounced on him. Flarestorm was gently pawing at Fuzzykit who giggled as he dodged her paw.

Their eyes were the only thing the sisters had in common. Flarestorm was the exact opposite of her sister. She was a loud and energetic she-cat, carrying on her warrior duties as soon as her sons were able to eat prey. She was a good mother though, spending time playing and talking with her kits. She still slept in the nursery with them. Sunwater was similar to his mate except he was calmer but easily kept up with his mate. There were times when Creamkit wishes he had been born as one of their kits. He enjoyed the calm and reserved attitude of his mother but he craved for the affection that both Sunwater and Flarestorm showed their kits. He and his family were and would never be that close.

Creamkit's attention was grabbed by Graywolf, a large, long-haired gray tom with a white underbelly and blue eyes who stepped in front of him with a mouse in his mouth as he made his way to the nursery. He stopped at the entrance with a worried expression stamped across his face. "Misteyes, Skykit and Bluekit are still perfectly fine, albeit probably hungry." Sweetfern reassured him with a gentle voice and knowing smile. Graywolf nodded to her and disappeared into the den.

Misteyes was Graywolf's mate and had just had his kits six days ago. Skykit was a silver tabby she-cat with blue eyes and Bluekit was a long-haired gray tom with blue eyes. Creamkit thought that Bluekit was going to grow up to be a spitting image of his father while Skykit looked more like a combination of her parents. The kits hadn't left the nursery yet and Pinkfoot had told him that they probably wouldn't until they were a moon old. By then, all the other kits would be apprentices or too old to play with such young

kits.

He felt Pinkfoot lick the top of his head. Her tongue was warm. "Are you tired?" She asked in her usual quiet tone. He shook his head and she went into the nursery. He felt a little drowsy but not enough to sleep through the night. Near him, Bearfeet had returned and was now sharing tongue with his mate while Mousekit was practicing her hunters crouch a couple tail lengths away. A dark brown she-cat with lighter brown flecks along her spine and yellow eyes emerged from the nursery. She was Logkit's mother, Fernpelt. He watched as she headed over to the fresh-kill pile, calling to her son. Logkit scampered over to her immediately. He looked a lot like her except he had darker brown tabby stripes like his father instead of flecks. His father was a warrior named Branchstripe.

Creamkit continued to gaze around the camp before his eyes fell onto the leader's den, a hollowed out log that sat next to the high stones. Their leader, Skystar emerged from the den, followed by their deputy, Lunardream. Skystar was a friendly looking, light gray tom with faint dark stripes going up his legs and around his face and blue eyes. Lunardream was a slim black she-cat with one violet eye and the other one yellow. The two exchanged a few words before the deputy padded over to the freshkill pile. Lunardream grabbed a sparrow before heading over to the warriors' den where her mate, Clearsight was eating with his brother, Stormeyes and his apprentice, Frozenpaw.

Moon Clan's deputy was a serious she-cat who ran the clan with more authority than the leader most of the time. The only cat who seemed to see Lunardream's soft side was her mate. Clearsight was a light gray tabby tom with blue eyes. Everytime he was near, she relaxed and showed affection. Still, Creamkit had a hard time picturing Lunardream being a mother but the two never spoke of wanting kits despite being so close.

Creamkit turned back to look at the clan leader. Skystar was eating a mouse just outside of his den. Unlike their deputy, Skystar was more relaxed and friendly. Thanks to their leader, Moon Clan held a close positive relation with their neighboring clan, Hill Clan.

The Sun was almost set. Creamkit stood up. It was about that time

that Pinkfoot would come out to gather him and his brothers into the nursery for the night. Three cats emerged from the camp entrance. Each was carrying bundles of herbs. The first was Firepaw, a mostly red calico tom with bright orange eyes. He was followed by his mentor, Lizardtongue and the warrior Roseheart. Lizardtongue was a cranky tan she-cat with dark green eyes and slit in her tongue like a snake. Roseheart was a tall tan she-cat with cream-colored paws and underbelly. Lizardtongue was Moon Clan's Medicine cat and her apprentice was Firepaw. All of the kits were scared of the feisty she-cat but Firepaw was very friendly and gentle. The small group made their way over to the medicine cat den which was a small cave made from giant boulders between the nursery and warriors' den. Firepaw and Lizardtongue disappeared inside while Roseheart waited patiently by the entrance. After a few moments, Firepaw's ginger and white head popped out and grabbed the bundle from Roseheart. He nodded to her before the warrior left to get some fresh-kill.

His curiosity peaked, Creamkit slowly started sneaking over to the medicine cat den. He moved close to the side of the boulder and inched his way around. He could hear the voices of the two medicine cats but not make out what they were saying. He didn't know why he wanted to see in the den. Creamkit poked his head through the entryway which had vines hanging down the front. The smell of herbs hit his nose. The den is dark and Creamkit had to blinks his eyes several times before they started to adjust.

Next thing he knew, he was hurled forward by a violent force. Over his shoulder, a bright ginger tabby tail waved around and a playful giggle echoed in his ears as he and Lavakit rolled to a rough stop a couple of tail lengths into the den. They slammed into another cat who broke into a loud fit of violent coughing causing the two kits to scatter back. Lizardtongue rushed over to them, her eyes blazing and teeth barred. "GET OUT!" She snarled at them. Lavakit and Creamkit coward under her. He was fully expecting the she-cat to scratch or bite them. He could hear Lavakit apologizing quickly and quietly. *You got us into this!*

"Calm down, Lizardtongue. Badgerpaw was just spooked. He'll be fine once he calms down. It's okay, Badgerpaw. Just try to breathe

deeply." Creamkit looked around Lizardtongue to watch Firepaw stroking the black and white tom's spine. Badgerpaw was letting out quieter coughs now and trying to ingest the herbs that Firepaw had placed at his paws. The smaller tom wheezed but settled back down in his nest. Creamkit was amazed, Firepaw was able to help with just herbs. No fighting or killing. Just knowledge and kindness.

"Get. Out. Now!" Lizardtongue snaps. Creamkit and Lavakit back out of the den, tripping over each other and landing on their hindquarters. Every cat that was still awake and outside looked at them. "Kits don't belong in here!" Flarestorm and Sunwater rush over to them, unfazed by the medicine cat's harsh tone. A fluffy ginger tail was wrapped protectively around Creamkit and Lavakit. "Don't protect them like they're innocent! They won't learn!" The she-cat had puffed out her fur, looking twice her size and her claws were out and digging into the ground.

"I think they get it, Lizardtongue." Sunwater said hesitantly.

"They better! Maybe you should teach them better!" Lizardtongue snapped.

"I'm sure that they meant no harm." Flarestorm spoke up.

"They could've hurt Badgerpaw!"

"There's no need to wake up the whole clan so calm down, *Lizardtongue*." The voice was calm but deep and held a touch of disgust. Creamkit looked over Flarestorm's fluff to spot his father stalking over to them from the fresh-kill pile. His gaze was dark and focused on the medicine cat. His claws were out too. *Does no cat know the warrior code anymore?* Creamkit felt no safer with Volebite present. He looked back to Lizardtongue. The she-cat was seething; practically shaking with rage. Her tail was lashing as she glared at the warrior. They now only stood a couple of tail lengths apart.

"You should teach your son to behave and respect medicine cats." Lizardtongue spat.

"That's his mother's job but I would try if there was a medicine cat worth respecting." Volebite sniffed, flicking his tail and stalking off

to the warriors' den. Lizardtongue hissed at the tom who responded with an annoyed ear flick.

Suddenly, Firepaw's ginger and white head pops out between the vines. His orange eyes were calm and friendly. "Badgerpaw will be fine. He fell back to sleep after I gave him some water and honey." He told his mentor who seemed to relax as the young tom spoke. She turned with a quick lash of her tail and went into the den. Every cat in the camp relaxed in a silent but well felt sigh. Firepaw smiled awkwardly at them all. "I would try to stay out of the den though unless you need something." He told them before disappearing. *How does he work with her? Firepaw is more of a mystery than Lizardtongue's attitude.*

Flarestorm unwrapped her tail and was looking down at both of them. She was angry, her eyes blazing. Creamkit felt guilty, he didn't even need her to say anything. He knew that he shouldn't have gone near the den unless he was sick or injured but he was so curious. Lizardtongue and Firepaw knew every herbs in the forest and were able to use any of them to help any cat with any problem. They could do so much more than a warrior. Beside him, Creamkit could tell that Lavakit also felt bad. The tom's ears were flat and his tail low and he was avoiding his mother's gaze. Sunwater bid them goodnight and Flarestorm ushered them into the nursery. Inside, she lectored them both on what they did wrong. Creamkit only half listened, *I just wanted to see what they were going to do with the herbs.*

Author's note:

I hope whoever is reading this enjoyed the chapter.

Feel free to comment and tell me what you think!

Chapter 2

The next morning, Creamkit woke along with his brothers who noisily ran out of the den. He on the other paw, climbed slowly out of the nest where his mother was still fast asleep. He looked back to Misteyes' next, Mousekit and Fuzzykit were sitting next to it, their backs to him. He padded up, slowly down as he got close. He sat next to Fuzzykit. Neither of the other kits noticed him, their attention was glued to the two gray bundles of fur at Misteyes' belly.

They were suckling. Their mother was watching with exhausted but warm eyes. She held a small smile on her face as she looked at her son and daughter. Skykit and Bluekit were only a week old, their ears still folded and muzzles flat. Skykit was a light silver tabby she-cat. Her fur was smooth unlike her brother whose bluish grey pelt was already puffing out in every direction. Creamkit guessed that Bluekit would grow up to have long fur like Fuzzykit and Lavakit were. Everyday, it seemed the two brothers gained an extra layer of fur.

Creamkit enjoyed how calm they were. It seemed so peaceful in the back of the nursery. Skykit and Bluekit didn't have to worry about being trampled by the other kits. Then he was suddenly reminded that these two would grow up and become warriors. Like him, their peaceful days were numbered.

"How long until they can play?" Fuzzykit asked.

"I hope it's soon. They have to watch me become an apprentice!" Mousekit chirped.

"It will still be about a moon until they get more comfortable on their paws but they should have no problem watching you get your apprentice name, Mousekit." Misteyes' giggled softly.

"Bluekit looks just like Graywolf." Fuzzykit commented.

"He looks like a lump of fur." Mousekit added bluntly.

"Mousekit, you apologize this instant! Don't be rude." Sweetfern snapped from where she was resting in her nest. Mousekit flinched and looked over her shoulder with flat ears. Her mother was staring at her with stern green-yellow eyes. Mousekit turned back around slowly with her head down and apologized to Misteyes. The queen took no offense and joked that she wouldn't have to worry about Bluekit getting cold. "Go play outside Mousekit," Sweetfern ordered. Mousekit and Fuzzykit scampered out of the den, giggling. This time both Fernpelt and Sweetfern growled at them, telling them not to run in the nursery but the kits were long gone. Logkit rose from Fernpelt's side and left the nursery as well but slower than his friends.

Creamkit turned back to Misteyes'. The grey she-cat was resting her chin on her front paws. "Did it hurt when you had your kits?" He asked, twisting his paw in the dirt. She moved her head to look at him. She explained to him that it did but she had Lizardtongue and Firepaw to help her. She had complete faith in their medicine cats.

Creamkit barely remembered the day that Skykit and Bluekit were born. All of the other queens and kits had been forced to stay outside of the nursery until Misteyes' was done. Even then, they weren't allowed back to look. Firepaw ran back and forth from the nursery to the medicine cat den, grabbing herbs. He and Lizardtongue had come out of the den looking so exhausted that one would think they had given birth to the kits themselves. They had both been smiling though, Firepaw especially. The tom loved caring for the queens and kits.

He felt himself sigh and mumble out loud, "I guess a clan can only have two medicine cats." Creamkit's head shot up as he realized what he said. Misteyes' looked surprised, her ears pricked and she had raised her head a little. Quickly, her expression softened though as if she was looking at one of her own kits. Creamkit felt calmer under her gaze but still worried about what she was going to say.

"Do you want to become a medicine cat, Creamkit?" She asked in a

low voice.

"I..I don't know", He fumbled out.

"Well, do you want to hunt or fight?" She quizzed.

Without hesitating, Creamkit shook his head. He hated the idea of fighting another cat. Sinking his claws or teeth into another cat, enemy or not made him feel sick. The thought of spending his days hunting bored him. He didn't want to do or be anything that made a warrior. He looked back up at the queen, expecting her to be disappointed in him but she was smiling.

"I have never known a clan with three medicine cats but I think you should tell Skystar and Lizardtongue how you're feeling." She offered him.

"Don't go getting his hopes up. A clan has never had three and never will" Fernpelt warned.

"Volebite expects three warriors, Creamkit." Pinkfoot told him, sitting up in her nest.

Creamkit stared at his mother. How could she deny him this? She loved him so why couldn't she support him. Misteyes' wasn't even his mother and she was more supportive. There was a fear in Pinkfoot's eyes that Creamkit couldn't decipher. It was at him but not for him either.

"I was just trying to help, let Creamkit be." Misteyes told the queens. Creamkit turned away and looked back down at the kits. Bluekit was shifting around the nest on shaking paws. He felt that urge to protect the kits, he knew he had to. Not in the way a mother or warrior did though. Despite how they made him feel, he wanted to protect his clan. He wanted to keep them safe, he just didn't know how.

"Why don't you go outside and play, Creamkit." Pinkfoot ordered more than asked. He nodded and headed out of the den, refusing to look at any of the other queens.

The camp was almost empty. All of the apprentices and their

mentors were out of the camp, most likely on hunting parties or patrols. As a result, a pawful of the elders were out and relaxing in the sun. Hayfur, Banditfang and Runningcloud were all sprawled out in a wide patch of sun. Foxrun and Rustpelt were stalking around the elders den, pointing out small holes that they would need to patch up. Both toms were better warriors when Volebite wasn't around. Creamkit had a feeling that his father was the one being the bad influence on the young toms.

Creamkit looked around and spotted Mousekit, Logkit and Lavakit practicing their pouncing by the apprentices' den. Being larger than the other two, Mousekit cleared a farther distance than Lavakit. Logkit was leaving claw marks where the two landed. Around the center of camp, Fuzzykit, Dustkit and Dirtkit were throwing around a moss ball, trying to keep it from touching the ground. It resulted in them throwing their bodies around, stirring the dirt up. Creamkit took note that Dirtkit had his claws out while Dustkit and Fuzzykit kept theirs sheathed. He sighed heavily and turned away. Dirtkit wasn't his responsibility.

Skystar was sunning himself outside of his den, eyes shut and belly up. Creamkit held back a purr of amusement. Their graceful leader looked like a kit with his paws in the air and smiling to himself. *Doesn't he care what the clan will think?* Skystar was a good leader but truly lived in a world of his own.

A ginger pelt caught Creamkit's attention. Firepaw was carrying a couple bundles of herbs from the medicine cat den. Before he realized it, Creamkit found himself trotting over to the tom who slowed as he spotted the kit. The tom tilted his head to the side, prompting Creamkit. "What're you doing?" Firepaw set the bundle of herbs down at his paws.

"They've gone bad."

"How do you know?"

"Some herbs change color like this catmint. The leaves are dry and crumbling. They won't work anymore so Lizardtongue has me go drop them at the dirt place." Creamkit tried to keep up with the tom. Firepaw gasped quietly and raced back into the den mumbling

about forgetting some.

Creamkit nosed one of the bundles open and examined the herbs. It was the catmint that Firepaw had told him about. He notices that a few leaves are still bright and compared to the rest which were dry and crumbling apart just like Firepaw had described. He nosed the good leaves out of the pile. "What are you doing?" Creamkit scattered back a couple paw steps. Firepaw returned with a third bundle dangling from his mouth.

"Some of the leaves are still good." Creamkit stammered.

Firepaw's ears and tail raise in surprise before the tom examines Creamkit's work. *I messed up! He's going to tell Lizardtongue and she'll yell at me again!* "How didn't I see that?" *What?* "Good job, Creamkit. Thanks!" Firepaw exclaimed, eyes bright. He felt his chest swell with pride. He did it. He helped. He knew a herb. That had been more enjoyable than any of the play fights he had been forced into by his brothers or Lavakit. He barely noticed as Firepaw took the few herbs back into the den and then reappeared a few moments later. "Greetings, Skystar!"

Creamkit spun around to find the light gray tom standing only a couple paw steps behind him. Their leader's blue eyes were on Firepaw though. *Did he see me just now? What will he think?* "Has Lizardtongue decided when you'll be getting your name yet?" Skystar asked, head tilted slightly to the side.

"Last time I asked, she said it would be in a couple of moons." Firepaw explained, a hint of excitement in his voice. A part of Creamkit felt relieved. If Firepaw became a full Medicine Cat then he or Lizardtongue might be willing to make him their apprentice. *Would that be allowed?* He wanted to learn to heal. If Firepaw was his mentor, he knew that he would learn a lot and have fun. The tom was so patient and always calm. He was a breath of fresh air compared to his mentor. Creamkit wasn't scared of Firepaw like he was of Lizardtongue.

Skystar's purr snapped Creamkit back to reality and he felt his ears burn when he realized he had been staring at Firepaw. "Do you know where Lizardtongue is?" The calico tom explained that his

mentor had gone out to get more herbs to replace what he was throwing out. Skystar's tail twitched with annoyance but his tone remained friendly, "Can you tell her that I need to speak with her as soon as possible?" Firepaw nodded and grabbed the herb bundles, looking funny with three lumps hanging from his jaws.

Skystar scanned the camp until he spotted Foxrun and Rustpelt dozing outside of the warriors' den. "Rustpelt, you and Foxrun can help Firepaw if you aren't too busy!" Both toms snapped to attention and looked embarrassed as they quickly scrambled over and grabbed the bundles from the medicine cat apprentice. Firepaw smiled and blinked his thanks before guiding the warriors out of the camp. Creamkit watched them.

"Creamkit, would you like to see the medicine cat den?" Skystar asked, mischief in his voice. Creamkit had to stop himself from jumping into the air. He felt himself bubbling with excitement. The grey tom purred with amusement as Creamkit tried to collect himself by licking his chest fur flat. "Follow me", Skystar turned, resting his tail on the kit to guide him. Creamkit trotted next to the larger tom, tail curled.

When they step fully into the den, Creamkit had to stop and let his eyes adjust to the darkness. The only source of light was what came in from the den entrance. *How do Lizardtongue and Firepaw see the herbs?* He had to blink several times before everything became clear. At the front of the den where several nests, all empty except for one. A young black and white badger striped tom was curled up in it, faint wheezing coming from him as he breathed. The apprentice looked up, green eyes looking dull with sickness. "How are you, Badgerpaw?" Skystar's voice was soft and gentle.

Badgerpaw coughed several times but managed to spat out that Firepaw said he should be able to leave in a few days. Creamkit doubted that but kept his mouth shut. "That's great news! I'll tell Lunardream when I see her." Lunardream was Badgerpaw's mentor. Badgerpaw had been in the medicine den off and on for three moons now because of his breathing. The tom got winded easily and coughed harshly. At first, it had been assumed that he had green cough or white cough but the herbs to heal those illnesses did little to improve Badgerpaw's health. As a result, the tom was way

behind on his training. His littermates, Skunkpaw, Blackpaw and Mintpaw were going to be warriors in just a couple of moons. He felt bad for the tom, it must be hard to watch your siblings get so far ahead. Creamkit wasn't close to his brothers but he would hate watching them succeed without him.

Skystar and Creamkit moved further into the den. At the back of the den where several small dents dug out of the ground and wall. Each held open herb bundles. Skystar sat down a couple of tail lengths away from the holes, tail wrapped around his striped paws. He nodded for Creamkit to go on. Creamkit stepped gingerly up to each pile. He sniffed and examined each herb, trying to memorize the smells and how each looked. He didn't know their names or what they did but he felt that it would mean something if he could at least differentiate them by sight and smell. The more he inspected, the more he wanted to know the names and what they did. Each one held the power to heal something. He wanted to know them all.

"You don't want to be a warrior, do you?" Skystar asked in a tone that said he already knew the answer.

"Pinkfoot and Volebite want that."

"Volebite wants that." Skystar corrected but Creamkit felt that the tom was wrong. Pinkfoot wanted whatever Volebite wanted. He knew that now. Creamkit decides not to press the matter of his mother any further though. "I was planning on talking to Lizardtongue about you training to be a medicine cat."

"Can there be three medicine cats?"

"I've never heard a rule against it."

"...Thank you"

"The path of a warrior should only be taken by those who want it."

As they leave the den, they are met by Lizardtongue and Firepaw. Instantly, the crabby medicine cat snaps that she hates having kits in the den. Unfazed, Skystar asks to speak with the she-cat and the two head back into the den. Skystar asked Firepaw to wait outside.

Firepaw sat down outside of the den, Creamkit wondered if he should go back to the nursery or wait for Skystar.

"Oh, Creamkit, can you go check on the elders for me? Just ask if they need anything", Firepaw asked. Creamkit nodded and felt thankful for the task. He sprinted across the camp to the elders' den which was a fallen log with an added area of bramble.

He stepped into the den which held a slight stench but was warm. All of the elders were curled up in their nests, talking to each other. They didn't notice him and Creamkit had to clear his throat loudly before they took notice. He told them that Firepaw asked him to check on them. Banditfang and Hayfur complain that they have fleas. Creamkit reassures the old toms that he'll tell Firepaw right away. As he turns to leave though, Runningcloud stops him, offering to tell him a story.

Creamkit's interests were peaked, it wasn't often that the elders were willing to tell a story. Usually they just wanted to be left alone to sleep in the sun. He nodded and sat down near the elder. "How about I tell you the story of how I lost my leg?" Creamkit already knew how pale grey tom lost his back right leg. Runningcloud used to be a loner and he lost his leg after being hit by a two-leg monster. He asked if the elder could tell him how he joined Moon Clan. Surprisingly, the grey tom was more than happy to tell him.

"My parents and I used to travel a lot. I hated it so when I was old enough, I decided to pick a territory to settle. Little did I had chosen Moon clan's territory." Hayfur teases that he could still remember the look on Runningcloud's face when he attacked him. Banditfang snorts out a laugh. Runningcloud huffs but was smiling. "I'm lucky that Skystar is a merciful leader. Despite my injury, he offered me a place in the clan. It was hard but eventually I found a way to help despite missing a leg. I can't fight well but I found a way to hunt and provide for my new home." The elder looked happy and at peace.

"Did you want to be a warrior?" Creamkit asked.

"I wasn't sure at first but I like the idea of having companions and staying in one place. I found my place and made my happiness in

Swanfall and Frostpaw." Frostpaw was a warrior apprentice. Swanfall had died of greencough four moons ago along with Firepaw and Frozenpaw's parents. Creamkit barely remembered the cats. He had heard though that Swanfall had been a beautiful white she-cat, just like Frostpaw.

Creamkit wondered if he would be able to find his peace in Moon Clan. If Lizardtongue or Firepaw wouldn't take him on as an apprentice then he'll have to become a warrior. Would he even be good at hunting or fighting. He certainly didn't want to. He had to do something though. The clan wouldn't allow a useless cat to remain in the clan.

Before his thoughts could venture too far, Creamkit thanked Runningcloud before leaving. He told Firepaw about Hayfur and Banditfang's fleas. Skystar was still talking to Lizardtongue so he made his way back to the nursery. It was just past midday but he didn't feel like finding something else to do. He just wanted to curl up in his nest and turn off his thoughts. When he settled down in his nest, Creamkit silently prayed for Star Clan to guide him down the right path.

Chapter 3

A moon had gone by and Creamkit had never gotten an answer from Skystar. He didn't have time to think about that today though. Mousekit and Logkit were six moons old now and were going to become apprentices. Despite not becoming ones themselves, every kit was being groomed. They had to all look presentable in front of the clan even though the clan watched the kits get covered in dirt everyday. Creamkit didn't argue though and waited patiently in Flarestorm's nest with Lavakit and Fuzzykit as Dirtkit was being groomed.

They were watching Skykit and Bluekit. The two were a moon old now and old enough to walk around the nursery. Misteyes wouldn't let them leave the den yet and the two kits tried to sneak out wherever their mother's back was turned. Right now, the two were fighting to sit still. They seemed to be more excited than Mousekit and Logkit.

"Let all cats old enough enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the high stones for a clan meeting!" Skystar's voice rang throughout the camp. Sweetfern and Fernpelt lead Mousekit and Logkit out first. The rest of them followed after but sat down just outside of the nursery. Creamkit sat between Fuzzykit and Lavakit. Flarestorm sat behind them next to her sister, Pinkfoot. Dirtkit and Dustkit sat infront of their mother. Misteyes had come out as well but seemed determined to keep her eyes on her kits who were slowly inching away from her to get a better view. Graywolf bounded over to them and his mate seemed to calm down as he nosed his kits back to sit at her paws. He remained at her side, watching the kits.

Sunwater had also come to sit with his mate, rubbing his head against her shoulder in an affectionate greeting. Creamkit looked at his mom to see her looking sad, her ears were almost flat and her tail was still. *I wonder if she wishes Volebite was like Sunwater.* "How come I can't be an apprentice? I already know more than Mousekit

and Logkit." Dirtkit grumbled. Pinkfoot gave him a lick on his head that he tried to dodge away from. She told him that he had to wait until he was six moons old. Dirtkit rolled his eyes and turned away.

The clan quieted down when Skystar let out a loud meow. Mousekit and Logkit were standing out in front, beneath the high stones. They were standing straight with their chests out. Skystar looked at Logkit first. "Logkit, you have reached the age of six moons, and it is time for you to be apprenticed. From this day on, until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Logpaw. Shadowgleam, you are ready to take on an apprentice. You have received excellent training from Banditfang, and you have shown yourself to be dedicated and fearless. You will be the mentor of Logpaw, and I expect you to pass on all you know to Logpaw." The long haired black to stepped forward and touched noses with the new brown tabby apprentice. Shadowgleam was a serious cat and the father to Badgerpaw, Skunkpaw, Blackpaw and Mintpaw. The senior warrior had been a mentor to Graywolf. Logpaw and Shadowgleam stepped to the side, leaving Mousekit alone but the she-cat seemed unfazed.

"Mousekit has also reached the age of six moons. Until you have received your warrior name, you shall be known as Mousepaw. Your mentor will be Brightsoul. Brightsoul has proven herself to be kind and patient, and I hope that you will pass down all of that and more on to Mousepaw." Brightsoul's bright ginger and white pelt stood out against Mousepaw's brown fur as they touched noses. The clan started to cheer instantly. "LOGPAW!! MOUSEPAW!! LOGPAW!! MOUSEPAW!! LOGPAW!! MOUSEPAW!!" Creamkit joined in but was much quieter than his clanmates. Lavakit and Fuzzykit were bouncing in place as they cheered. Logpaw looked embarrassed, licking his chest fur. Meanwhile, Mousepaw was soaking up the attention. She looked around at her clanmates, eyes gleaming. Her tail was curled so much it was touching her spine.

Creamkit stopped when he noticed his father. Volebite was hissing something to Spiderfur and Foxrun who nodded in agreement. Neither of the three cats looked happy as they watched the excitement slowly die down.

Eventually, the clan returned back to their normal activities.

Mousepaw and Logpaw's parents were congratulating their kits and mentors before they would head out to see the territory. Bearfeet nuzzled his daughter while Branchstripe was whispering something into Logpaw's ear. Sweetfern and Fernpelt looked so happy, their tails curled and purring loud enough for them to hear it faintly from near the nursery.

Creamkit looked back at his father, Volebite was stomping up to Skystar and Lunardream who stood beneath the high stone. The tom's tail was lashing. Spiderfur and Foxrun were watching anxiously from near the fresh kill pile. Skystar seemed unfazed as Volebite growled something to them but Lunardream let out a waning hiss. Creamkit couldn't make out what they were saying. Skystar spoke to Volebite, face cool. Creamkit was in awe at how calm the grey tom was. If only every cat was that way, there wouldn't be any need to fight.

"Volebite shouldn't be talking to Skystar and Lunardream that way. He has no respect!" Flarestorm huffed, her tail twitching. Creamkit looked at his mother. Pinkfoot was watching with a worried expression. She let out a deep sigh, shaking her head slowly. *Why does she care anymore?* It wasn't like Volebite cared about her. He never spoke to her unless it was to complain about her parenting.

Volebite turns away from the leader and deputy and stalks over to them. Creamkit felt the sudden urge to dive into the nursery. He felt sick when he noticed the hopeful looks on Dirtkit and Pinkfoot's faces. *He doesn't care! Why can't you see?* He backed into Flarestorm who wrapped her fluffy tail around him and her kits. "Are you okay, Volebite?" Pinkfoot asked, voice shaking.

"Logpaw was supposed to be my apprentice. Skystar promised!"

"There are more kits. Maybe you'll get to mentor one of them."

"I can't be a deputy without an apprentice!" He snarled.

"...I'm sure Star Clan will bless you with an apprentice one day."

"Star Clan should bless Moon Clan with a competent leader and deputy."

"You think you can lead Moon Clan? It'll be dark times when that happens." Flarestorm snapped.

"Spiderfur and I would lead a stronger Moon Clan."

"That'll happen when Star Clan walks amongst us." She scoffed.

"Watch your tongue! Just because you are Pinkfoot's littermate, doesn't mean I'll listen to you spat nonsense."

"Not much of a threat when you treat Pinkfoot and your kits like they don't exist." She was standing now, flexing her claws. Creamkit and Fuzzykit had moved to hide behind the queen. Lavakit was standing beside his mother though, eyes defiant and claws out. Volebite looked to his other sons. Dustkit was hiding behind Pinkfoot while Dirtkit had stepped closer. His father looked back to Creamkit and then back again at Dirtkit.

"At least there's hope for one of my sons." He turned and stalked back to Spiderfur and Foxrun. Flarestorm lashed her tail, making Creamkit and Fuzzykit jump away. She ordered her kits to go into the nursery until she came back. When Lavakit started to whine, she gave him a harsh look that sent the bright ginger tom racing into the den. Fuzzykit followed suit. Meanwhile, Dirtkit trotted off, heading towards the apprentices' den where Skunkpaw was grooming himself. Dustkit followed, tail and ears drooping.

Flarestorm turned to face her sister, eyes burning. Pinkfoot was still staring after her mate. The ginger she-cat's expression softened and she sighed heavily. "You shouldn't let him treat you like that. You deserve better, a cat that respects you." Pinkfoot's face twisted with pain and she looked down at her paws.

"I'm fine. I love Volebite. We have three kits to prove that."

"That's not the same."

"It's good enough for me so drop it, please." Pinkfoot begged, voice breaking. She had wrapped her tail about him and bent down to rub her face against his. Creamkit felt confused by his mother's sudden show of affection. He knew something was wrong but it felt right

and refreshing to be comforted by her after talking with Volebite. He sunk into her warmth, grateful for it. He longed for all of the time. It was rare that Pinkfoot showed them any more affection than grooming. He could feel Flarestorm's gaze on them. She smelled of fear. *Don't take this from me.* The queen sighed and left, her pawsteps heading towards Skystar's den.

After a few moments, Pinkfoot stood up and Creamkit wished she hadn't. She mumbled that she was going to go take a nap. He nodded but she wasn't looking at him anymore. Her eyes were distant and she walked stiffly back to the nursery.

"Want to share a mouse with me, Creamkit?" Dustkit was standing a couple tail lengths away, a plump mouse dangling from his jaws and a defeated expression. Creamkit felt his mouth water and he shook his head. His littermate gave him a small smile before dropping the mouse. The two settled down on either side and dug in. They ate in silence but he felt that something was troubling his sibling. Dustkit was taking small bites and chewing slowly as if his mind was elsewhere.

Creamkit found that his suspicions were correct because when they finally finished the mouse, Dustkit asked, "Does Volebite scare you?" Creamkit was taken back. He hadn't expected the question. He figured that Dustkit didn't want the admiration of their father like Dirtkit did but he assumed he still longed for the attention. Dustkit's brown eyes were troubled, swirling with fear and worry. Creamkit looked at the mouse carcase and said yes in a quiet voice.

"I've seen how Sunwater and Bearfeet are with their kits...I wish ours was like that."

"That would be nice but we don't need him." Dustkit shot him with a pained expression before looking back down at his paws. Creamkit was right though. It didn't matter how much it hurt, their father didn't care but they've gotten to five moons without him and they will keep going many more.

"I'm worried about Dirtkit. He's becoming obsessed with pleasing Volebite."

"Dirtkit is free to make his own mistakes!" Creamkit snarled.

"He's still our brother! We should watch out for each other."

"Is that why you let him bully me and every other cat that gets in his way?" Dustkit looked speechless, mouth gaped open. Creamkit lashed his tail and stomped off towards the nursery. He was tired of Dustkit defending Dirtkit. He was tired of Pinkfoot defending Volebite. They were both just bullies and no cat tried to stop them. *I wish they weren't my family!*

Just before he could slip into the nursery, Lunardream called to him. He looked over and saw her standing outside of Skystar's den. *I just want to be alone.* Reluctantly he padded over to her. She motioned him to go inside with a flick of her tail.

Inside the den, Skystar was sitting up in his nest, tail resting on his paws. Creamkit tried to read his leader's face but as always the grey tom was calm. He motioned for Creamkit to sit down. He sat a tail length away from the leader. Lunardream sat behind him. "I have spoken with Lizardtongue many times this past moon about accepting you as an apprentice but she has refused. I'm sorry Creamkit." Skystar was sincere as he spoke but that didn't matter to Creamkit.

"What about Firepaw?"

"Firepaw may not get his name in time." Creamkit felt enraged and defeated all at the same time. He wanted it so badly. He had begged Star Clan every night this past moon. He didn't want to be a warrior. He'd hate it. He knew that. *I pleaded for a moon just to be rejected.* Creamkit felt Lunardream's tail stroke his back. She offered the idea that he might enjoy being a warrior. He shook his head and stood up.

"Lizardtongue is doing this on purpose!" He snapped.

"She may be stubborn but Lizardtongue would never do something like that."

"Can't you make her?!" He turned to Skystar.

Skystar's eyes narrowed. "I know you're disappointed, Creamkit but as leader of Moon Clan, I must trust the word of our medicine cat. Lizardtongue speaks with Star Clan and they guide her. If you are meant to be Moon Clan's medicine cat then they will guide you down that path when the time comes but until then, you will have to take on the path of a warrior. I'm sorry Creamkit." The leader's voice was stern. Creamkit flinched, he had never seen Skystar lose his patience before.

He dashed out of the den, ignoring Lunardream's hiss. He darted into the nursery and burrowed into his nest. He was on the edge, away from Pinkfoot. He didn't want to be near anyone but he couldn't leave the camp as a kit. He felt her lick is back in an attempt to calm him but it didn't work. "Volebite would be happy if you became a warrior." She whispered to him. He buried his face deeper into the nest. He didn't want to make Volebite happy. Creamkit just wanted to help cats, take care of them with herbs.

Moon Clan (Update)

Leader: Skystar- light gray tom with faint dark stripes going up his legs and around his face

Deputy: Lunardream- black she-cat with one violet eye and one yellow eye
apprentice: Badgerpaw

Medicine cat: Lizardtongue- tan she-cat with dark green eyes and slit in her tongue like a snakes
medicine cat apprentice: Firepaw- calico tom with bright orange eyes.

Warriors:

Rosethorn- black she-cat with a bright pink nose, white paws, and green eyes

Shadowgleam- black, long-haired tom with misty green eyes\

Apprentice: Logpaw

Clearsight- light gray tabby tom with blue eyes
Stormeye- dark gray tabby tom with dark blue eyes
Apprentice: Frozenpaw
Sunwater- sun yellow tabby tom with light blue eyes
Apprentice: Blackpaw
Foxrun- Calico tom, pelt resembles that of a fox
Rustpelt- reddish-brown tom with long fur
Spiderfur- black tom with long legs

apprentice: Skunkpaw
Bearfeet- brown tom with brown eyes
Volebite- tan tom with green eyes
Graywolf-long haired gray tom with a white underbelly and blue eyes
Cloudtail- white she-cat with a fluffy tail
Apprentice: Mintpaw
Thorntwist- brown tabby tom with long, sharp front claws
Apprentice: Frostpaw
Roseheart- tan she-cat with cream-colored paws and underbelly
Brightsoul- white and ginger she-cat with cloudy green eyes

Apprentice: Mousepaw
Branchstripe- brown tabby tom with a short tail

Sweetfern - A sandy brown tabby she-cat with vibrant green eyes

Fernpelt - A dark brown she-cat with lighter brown flecks along her spine and yellow eyes

Queens:
Flarestorm(mother of Sunwater's kits)- Lavakit(bright red and orange tabby tom with orange eyes) and Fuzzykit (fluffy calico tom with yellow eyes)
Pinkfoot(mother of Volebite's kits)- Dirtkit(brown tom), Dustkit (brown and white tom), Creamkit(cream-colored tom with pink tint)
Misteyes(mother of Graywolf's kits)- Skykit(silver tabby she-cat with blue eyes) and Bluekit (long-haired gray tom with blue eyes)

Elders:
Hayfur- yellow tom with orange eyes
Banditfang- black tom with a white patch around his yellow eyes
Runningcloud- pale gray tom(was once a loner who lost his back right leg after being hit by a two-leg monster)